

UNCLE

SAM

10¢

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Quarterly
SUMMER ISSUE



**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**

GRAND-DAD HAS A VICTORY PROGRAM!

ON THE ARMY, AND THE NAVY, AND THE COAST-GUARD AND MARINES,
THEY DESERVE OUR EVERY SACRIFICE, NO MATTER WHAT IT MEANS!
"SAVE THE RUBBER!" IS THE ORDER FROM OUR GOOD OLD UNCLE SAM,
(IF OUR FOES WERE SMART THEY'D UNDERSTAND AND TAKE IT ON THE LAM!)
★ ★ ★
A SMART IDEA —

SO UP COMES DEAR OLD GRAND-DAD WITH THIS VERY SMART IDEA—
"IT'S SURE TO CLICK," HE TELLS US, "AND CAUSE OUR FRIENDS TO CHEER."
"I REMEMBER," HE RECALLS, "WHEN I WAS JUST A BRIGHT YOUNG SWAIN,
"WE'D CYCLE THROUGH THE VALLEY AND STREET AND COUNTRY LANE.

"WE'D NEVER RACE ON HILLS OR SLOPES—INSTEAD WE'D GENTLY BRAKE,
"WE'D KEEP AWAY FROM ROCKS AND STONES, TOO HARD FOR TIRES TO TAKE
"SO LET'S ALL PLAN—RESOLVE RIGHT NOW—NO DISTANT, FAR TOMORROW—
"TO SAVE OUR BIKES AND TIRES WITH THE HELP OF BRAKES BY 'MORROW'."



The "MORROW" Coaster Brake is a vital member of "The Invisible Crew"—the precision equipment which 25 Bendix plants from coast to coast are speeding to our fighting crews on world battle fronts.



[CIVIL SERVICE POSITION]
 ARMY AIRBORNE CORP., SIMLA, N. Y.

MORROW COASTER BRAKE



SMASH COMICS...HIT COMICS...CRACK COMICS

HEY, READERS!!

THERE'S NO RATIONING OF

ACTION ADVENTURE OR HUMOR

OR **HUMOR**

IN THE

QUALITY COMIC GROUP

AMERICA'S GREATEST
COMIC MAGAZINES

DOLL MAN QUARTERLY UNCLE SAM QUARTERLY

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UNCLE SAM



RECIPE FOR TROUBLE!

TAKE THE RICHEST RAJAH IN ALL **India!** MIX WITH ONE MOONSTRUCK STAGE MAGICIAN AND HIS FEATHER-FOOTED BRIDE! SEASON WITH ONE MAD ELEPHANT, ONE JEALOUS FAK'IR AND A HALF-DOZEN WILY JAPANESE!

DUMP **UNCLE SAM** AND **BUDDY** INTO THE POT TO KEEP THINGS COOKING AND THEN SIT BACK AND HANG ONTO YOUR HAT WHILE A REGAL ROGUE GETS A ROYAL SHELLACKING FROM A KID WITH NOTHING UP HIS SLEEVE BUT A MAGIC MOUSE AND A WORLD OF GRIT!





"NATURALLY THEY CHOSE THE ONE FIELD THEY BOTH KNEW AND LOVED -- THE THEATRE! BOB'S MAGIC AND NAN'S DANCING, COMBINED ..."



"INSTEAD OF BEING PROUD OF THEIR SUCCESS, YOU ACTED LIKE A SPOILED BABY! ..."



"BUT I SOMETIMES WONDER HOW YOU ACTED IN THE SILENCE OF YOUR LONELY HOUSE ..."



"THE END OF THEIR PARIS ENGAGEMENT IS A CHAPTER OF HISTORY ..."



"HOW MUCH HARDER A HARD, BITTER ROAD WOULD HAVE BEEN WITHOUT THEIR GAIETY! ..."



"INTO BOMB-WRACKED LONDON THEY BROUGHT A BREATH OF SUNSHINE!..."



THEIR FUN AND LAUGHTER WAS WORTH MORE TO A WAR-SICK PEOPLE THAN ALL THE STOCKS AND BONDS IN YOUR MARKET!

GO ON! WHAT ABOUT BOB?



THE DIRTY RATS! WE'RE GOING HOME, NAN! I'VE GOT TO ENLIST!

OF COURSE, BOB! AND I CAN DO AMBULANCE WORK!

"...JAPS ARE TREACHEROUSLY ATTACKING PEARL HARBOR...! HUNDREDS KILLED!"



DIRTY BUZZARDS!

BOB, WE FORGOT TO OPEN THE CABLEGRAM THAT CAME JUST BEFORE THE RADIO ANNOUNCEMENT...



YEEOW!! LISTEN TO THIS! THE RAJAH OF KASHWAR, RICHEST RULER IN INDIA, WANTS TO SEE OUR ACT!! ALL EXPENSES--- A HUGE FEE!

BUT BOB! WE CAN'T! OUR COUNTRY IS AT WAR! ---







"AS A MATTER OF FACT, OUR WELCOME WAS BEING UNDERMINED AT THAT VERY MOMENT!..."

BEWARE, JEWEL OF PRINCES! ALL AMERICANS ARE SPIES, PLOTTING TO STEAL YOUR KINGDOM! IGNORE THEIR HONEYED WORDS!

SO-O-O? THEY SHALL BE WATCHED EVERY MOMENT... AND AT THE FIRST SIGN OF TREACHERY!...





BOB, SOMETHING TERRIBLE HAS HAPPENED! REMEMBER THAT CRATE OF EGGS YOU WERE TO USE, MAKING THEM APPEAR IN CRAZY PLACES?

OF COURSE! MY BIG LAUGH TRICK! WHAT ABOUT THEM?

CLAP CLAP



INSTEAD OF THE EGGS, WE BROUGHT THAT CASE OF LOLLIPOPS YOU USED AT THE CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL!

WHEW! OH, WELL-- I'LL USE THOSE! HIS NIBS WON'T KNOW THE DIFFERENCE!



YOUR PARDON, HIGHNESS! YOU SEEM TO HAVE SOMETHING IN YOUR BEARD!

EH?? WHAT??

BY TAU! A MIRACLE! BUT WHAT IS IT?

CANDY, HIGHNESS! A DELICIOUS FOOD WHICH AMERICANS SERVE ONLY TO THOSE THEY LIKE AND RESPECT! WILL YOU TRY ONE?



MM-M!



MM-YUM! GOOD! I WANT MORE OF THIS AMERICAN KIND OF FRIENDSHIP! SMACK! S-L-L-U-L-L-P!

THERE SHALL BE ONE FOR EVERY HAIR OF YOUR BEARD, RAJAH!

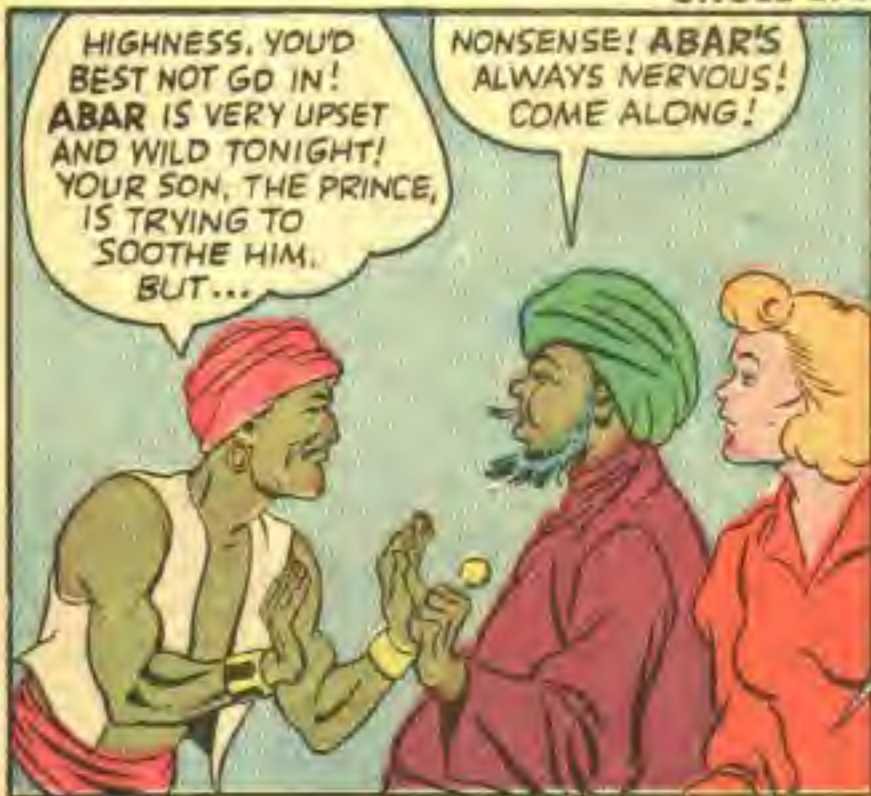
THOSE KIDS ARE BORN DIPLOMATS!



COME, I WILL SHOW YOU MY SACRED ELEPHANTS-- THE LARGEST IN ALL INDIA! ONLY FRIENDS MAY VISIT THEM!

SLUP SLUP







"TO CLIMAX THE CELEBRATION, THE RAJAH ARRANGED A HUNTING TRIP TO THE MOUNTAIN PASS BETWEEN KASHWAR AND THE INTERIOR!"

I DON'T CARE FOR HUNTING, BOB! I WISH I WERE HOME!

ME TOO! BUT UNCLE SAM SAYS THE RAJAH'S ABOUT TO SIGN A TREATY! WE'VE GOT TO HANG ON A BIT LONGER!



WHAT'S WRONG, UNCLE SAM! YOU ACT WORRIED!

I AM!! THOSE JAPS GAVE UP TOO EASILY! I'M CERTAIN SOME DIRTY PLAN IS AFOOT, BUT I CAN'T FIND A CLEW TO IT!



"I WAS RIGHT! IN THE MOUNTAIN PASS, WE WERE SUDDENLY BESET BY A HORDE OF JAPS WHO HAD NEGOTIATED THE PASS FROM ASIA BY ELEPHANT!"





"WE FOUGHT HARD BUT, SURPRISED AND OUTNUMBERED, DEFEAT WAS INEVITABLE!"

THUS YOU REPAY MY HOSPITALITY, SERPENT! WAIT UNTIL MY PEOPLE LEARN OF THIS OUTRAGE!

HAIEE! THEY WILL LEARN OF YOUR DEATH UNLESS THEY PERMIT OUR ARMIES TO PASS HERE IN PEACE!



THIS IS TERRIBLE! THE PEOPLE WILL LET THEM THROUGH UNLESS THE RAJAH RETURNS UNHARMED!

A BAD SITUATION! AND THIS SHACK IS AN ARSENAL OF ARMS AND POWDER FOR THE ADVANCING JAP TROOPS!



UNCLE SAM! YOU'VE GIVEN US A WAY TO ESCAPE!

I'M AFRAID NOT! JAP TROOPS ARE EVERYWHERE! IF ONLY WE COULD DIVERT THEIR ATTENTION!

IF WE COULD GET THE RAJAH HOME, HIS PEOPLE WOULD RISE AND THROW BACK THE INVADER LONG ENOUGH TO BLOW UP THIS PASS!

GET SET TO SCRAM, UNCLE SAM! I'LL DIVERT THEIR ATTENTION!

NOTHING DRASTIC, HONEY! I'LL PUT ON A MAGIC SHOW FOR THEM!

I'M STAYING TO HELP THEN! I WON'T LEAVE YOU!



"A FEW TRICKS CAUGHT THE SENTRY'S EYE AND SOON BOB AND NAN WERE ENTERTAINING THE WHOLE JAP OUTFIT."

MAKE IT TOPS, HONEY!!
THIS IS THE PERFORMANCE
OF OUR
CAREER!



I HATE TO LEAVE
THOSE PLUCKY KIDS
--BUT SOMEBODY'S
GOT TO GET THE
RAJAH BACK!

THAT'S THE TROUBLE
WITH KINGS AND RAJAHS!
THEY CAN'T DO ANYTHING
FOR THEMSELVES!



THE JAPS ARE
GETTING RESTLESS!
WE MUST GIVE UNCLE
SAM MORE TIME!

I'M AFRAID THEY'RE
GETTING SUSPICIOUS!

ENOUGH!! YOU
ARE TOO EAGER
TO HOLD US
HERE!

AW! LET US SHOW YOU
ONE MORE TRICK! THIS ONE
I GUARANTEE WILL SIMPLY
SLAY YOU!



GUESS THIS IS IT,
HONEY! THAT LAST
TRICK WE TALKED
ABOUT!

I KNOW, BOB!
I'M READY! AT
LEAST, WE'LL END
TOGETHER!



WATCH CLOSELY, NOW!
SEE -- THE LADY'S HANDS
ARE EMPTY!

YOUR HANDS
ARE TREMBLING,
HONEY!

IT'S JUST
EXCITEMENT,
D-D-DEAR!





NOTHING THERE...
WAIT A MINUTE!
WHAT DO I
SEE??
AHHH-HH!



WELL, WELL, WELL!!
A LIGHTED CIGARETTE!
BUT DON'T LEAVE YET!
THE BEST PART OF
THE TRICK IS YET
TO COME!





SOME OF THE GREATEST FLYING ACES OF THIS WAR HAVE BEEN MEN WITH ONE LEG OR NOT ANY! WE STILL WANT TO DO OUR BIT, YOU KNOW!



CYCLONE CUPID

HE AIN'T
STUPID!

FLASH! ... IN ONE OF THE MOST DARING BREAKS IN THE ANNALS OF CENTRAL PRISON, JOE BLOW, PUBLIC ENEMY NO. 6-7/8, ESCAPED TODAY! HE IS STILL AT LARGE!



ALL NIGHT LONG, THE PRISON GUARDS SEARCH FOR THE ESCAPED CONVICT...



AFTER A TWO-DAY SEARCH, THE BLOODHOUNDS LOSE THE TRAIL...



MEANWHILE...



LOOKS AS IF THOSE HOUNDS NEED SOME HELP!

THINK I'LL SEND A SKUNK ARROW AT HIM - AND PUT THOSE DOGS BACK ON HIS TRAIL!



SKUNKS! CHEE-DEY MUST T'INK I'M A RELATIVE!



HELP!!
I GIVE UP!

MIGOSH! NOW I'VE GOT ONE FOLLOWING ME! - GOTTA DO SOMETHING FAST!



I'LL SHOW THAT SKUNK HE CAN'T INTIMIDATE CYCLONE CUPID!



WOO-WOO! I'M A BOTTLE OF PERFUME!



UNCLE SAM



ZOMBIES!

THE LIVING DEAD OF HAWAIIAN LEGEND ONCE MORE WALK THE SANDS OF WAIKIKI!... AGAINST A MENACE SO TERRIBLE THAT MEN'S MINDS REEL AT THE THOUGHT, UNCLE SAM AND BUDDY RISK THEIR LIVES!! THRILL TO THE BATTLE OF THE CENTURY AS UNCLE SAM MEETS UP WITH THE HORDES OF **THE UNDEAD!**

















I HOPE BUDDY CAN STOP THEM! THE OSAKI SIDI IS THE DEADLIEST OF JAPANESE TERRORIST SOCIETIES!



NO SOONER DOES THE FIRST OF THE "ZOMBIES" REACH THE SANDY STRIP OF BEACH THAN A DEADLY FIRE RAKES OVER THEM!









MIND IF I TAKE A HAND?

--OR SHOULD I SAY A FIST??



USE YOUR RIFLES AS CLUBS!

YOU'RE NOT SO TOUGH NOW!!

UGH!

LET 'EM HAVE IT, LADS!



WELL, I'LL BE A... HEY, FELLAS! LOOK!



WADDAYA KNOW --? A JAP!!

IT'S A MASK!

A MEMBER OF THE OSAKA SIDI... THE MOST DANGEROUS HUMAN BEINGS ON EARTH!

THEY DON'T LOOK SO DANGEROUS NOW! NOT AFTER OUR MARINES GOT THROUGH WITH 'EM!





UNCLE SAM



"YES! AND RIGHT AT THE BEGINNING I HAD TO MAKE UP MY MIND WHETHER FREEDOM WAS WORTH FIGHTING FOR!... THAT WAS THE YEAR 1776!"...

SAMMY, MY LAD... REMEMBER THAT I'M YOUR RULER!

ALL MEN ARE CREATED FREE AND EQUAL! GIVE ME LIBERTY OR GIVE ME DEATH!



"LIBERTY OR DEATH... FOR A WHILE, I WONDERED WHICH I WAS GOING TO GET! I FOUGHT IN MANY BATTLES -- LEXINGTON, CONCORD, BUNKER HILL!"...

COME ON, ALL OF YOU! I'M NOT AFRAID!



"THERE WERE TERRIBLE DISASTERS AND SUFFERINGS! I'LL NEVER FORGET BLEAK VALLEY FORGE!"

COURAGE! WE'LL WIN IN THE END!

I'M SURE OF THAT, GENERAL WASHINGTON!



AND, OF COURSE, YOU DID WIN! THAT'S HISTORY!

DON'T FORGET, WE HAD HISTORY TO MAKE! AND WHEN THE WAR WAS DONE AND FREEDOM A FACT, THE WORK WAS JUST BEGINNING!



"IN THOSE DAYS I TOILED FROM DAWN TILL DARK!"

THIS WILL BE A GREAT COUNTRY IF ONLY I CAN DEVELOP ITS RESOURCES!



"THEN, IN 1812..."

THE RED COATS ARE OUT-- AGAIN!

A SECOND WAR! -- TOO BAD! BUT I'M NOT RUNNING!



"IT WAS AN EVEN, DESPERATE STRUGGLE! TWO YEARS OF IT! AND IN 1814 WE WERE BOTH GLAD TO SIGN PEACE TERMS!"



PEACE, JOHN BULL! WHAT DO YOU SAY, WE SHALL NEVER FIGHT AGAIN?

RIGHT YOU ARE, SAM, OLD BOY! WE'RE REALLY COUSINS, YOU KNOW ... OUGHT TO PULL TOGETHER. WHAT?



NOW I HAVE TIME TO DO SOME INVENTING! THESE MACHINES WILL HELP OPEN UP THE COUNTRY!



WHAT ABOUT YOUR FAMILY, UNCLE SAM?

IT WAS GROWING ALL THE TIME! I HAD ALL SORTS OF NEPHEWS WITH ALL SORTS OF IDEAS! AND I'M SORRY TO SAY THAT THERE WAS A TERRIBLE DIFFERENCE OF OPINION BETWEEN THEM, IN THE WAR OF 1861!



WE'RE THROUGH WITH YOU, SUH! WE SECEDE! LET A SINGLE YANKEE COME SOUTH OF THIS LINE AND...

I NEVER REFUSED A DARE YET, CONARN YE! I'LL FIGHT YE TO A FRAZZLE!



"AND THEY FOUGHT EACH OTHER TO A FRAZZLE! THE MOST DESPERATE OF BATTLES ARE SOMETIMES FOUGHT BETWEEN BROTHERS!"



THAT WAS THE CIVIL WAR, WASN'T IT? AND WHICH SIDE WERE YOU ON, UNCLE SAM?

ON BOTH SIDES, BUDDY... IT WAS ONE PART OF ME AND THE OTHER -- FOR ALL FIGHTERS WERE AMERICANS!

"AT LAST THE TERRIBLE BLOODSHED CAME TO AN END, AND THE CONTESTANTS GLADLY WELCOMED THE DAWN OF PEACE WHEN GENERAL GRANT AND GENERAL LEE MET AND DECLARED HOSTILITIES AT AN END!"

THIS DREADFUL WAR HAS TAUGHT US ONE THING... THERE IS NO MORE NORTH OR SOUTH! -- ONLY AMERICA!

"WESTWARD HO!"

WE'LL ALL WORK TOGETHER TO OPEN OUR GREAT WESTERN WILDERNESS!

THE PALEFACES INVADGE OUR HUNTING GROUNDS!

KILL THEM ALL!

AHEEEE! KILL!

"THE GREAT EMPIRE OF THE WEST WAS BOUGHT WITH STRIFE AND SUFFERING -- AND WE CANNOT THANK THE PIONEERS ENOUGH FOR THEIR COURAGE AND TOIL!"





"WITHIN BRIEF MONTHS, WE WERE OVERSEAS AND READY FOR ACTION! ..."

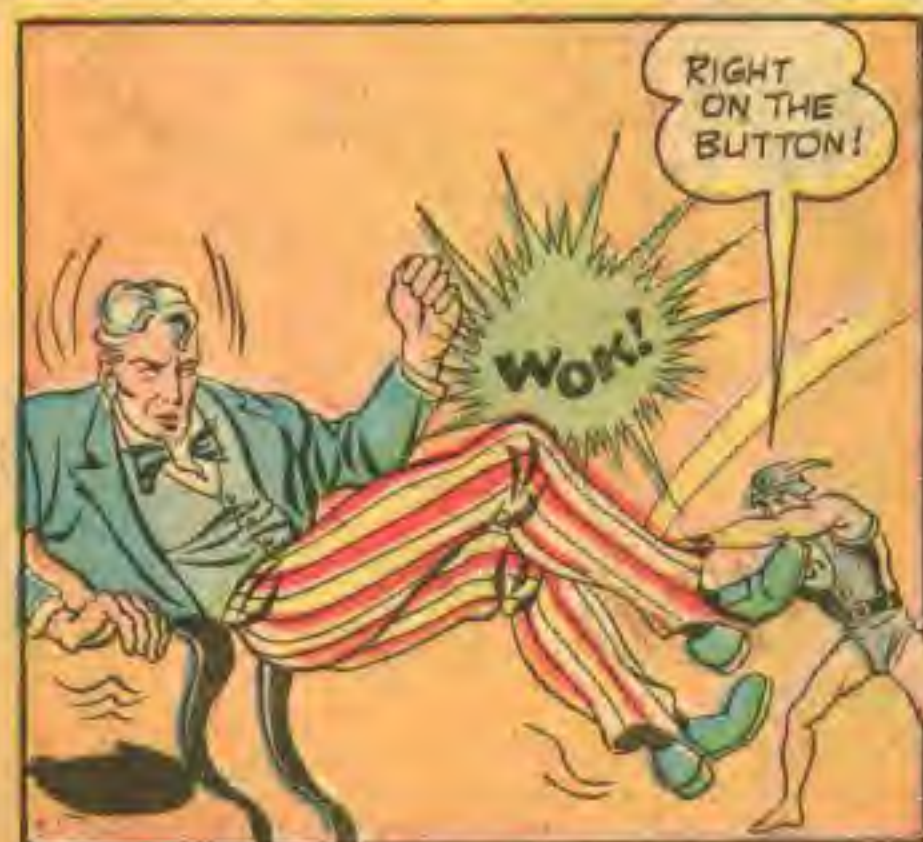


"AS ALWAYS, THE AMERICAN SOLDIER ASKS FOR NOTHING BUT AN EVEN CHANCE! ..."











*Read
PLASTIC
MAN
and
THE
SPIRIT
IN
EACH
ISSUE
OF
POLICE
COMICS*



The PHANTOM CLIPPER

LIKE A SLEEK,
BLACK MONSTER, THE
CORSAIR REARED UP FROM
THE GREEN OCEAN DEPTHS...
AND NO SHIP COULD STAND
AGAINST HER BLAZING GUNS!
A MADMAN PACED HER DECKS---
A VERITABLE SATAN OF THE
SEVEN SEAS! EVERYTHING ABOVE
AND BELOW THE WATER WAS HIS DOMAIN!

SO THE PHANTOM CLIPPER AND HER
VALIANT CREW SAILED OUT TO FIND AND
DESTROY THE CORSAIR! BUT AS THE MIGHTY
GUNS ROARED IN BATTLE THEY FOUND THE
DECKS OF THE PHANTOM CLIPPER CRUMBLING
BENEATH THEIR FEET, THE IMPREGNABLE SIDES
BUCKLING AND COLLAPSING... THE NIGHTIEST
MAN-O-WAR WAS BECOMING A HEAP OF JUNK AND
RUBBISH!

WHAT HAPPENED THEN?

IT IS A TALE WORTH TELLING. TAKE A RINGSIDE
SEAT AT THE GREATEST SEA-BATTLE OF THE AGES!
WATCH THE PHANTOM CLIPPER AND THE CORSAIR JOIN IN
A COMBAT THAT WILL LEAVE YOU SPEECHLESS WITH EXCITEMENT!
YOU'LL VOTE IT THE BEST STORY OF THE YEAR!

A PERISCOPE--HARBINGER
OF DEATH TO COME.



SOMEWHERE IN THE PACIFIC.

WE'VE BEEN
TORPEDOED!



A GLISTENING BLACK SHAPE
RISES FROM THE WATERS...



THE
CORSAIR!



GIVE THE
FOOLS AMPLE
TIME TO REALIZE
IT IS THE **CORSAIR**
THEN...



KILL! KILL
EVERY
MAN!



GOOD WORK...
GIVE THE ORDER
TO SUBMERGE!



A LONE SAILOR
SURVIVES THE
HIDEOUS SLAUGHTER



THE NIGHT ENDS... AND IN THE
FIRST LIGHT OF MORNING, A SAILING
SHIP COMES OFF THE HORIZON -



BUT THIS IS NO MERE SAILING SHIP---IT
IS THE WORLD FAMED, **PHANTOM CLIPPER!**



NO USE TIGER! HE'S
PRETTY FAR
GONE!

TAKE HIM TO
MY CABIN!



HE'S SINKING
FAST!

KILL...
KILL
EVERY
MAN!



CORSAIR... TORPEDOED!
DEAD... DEAD!

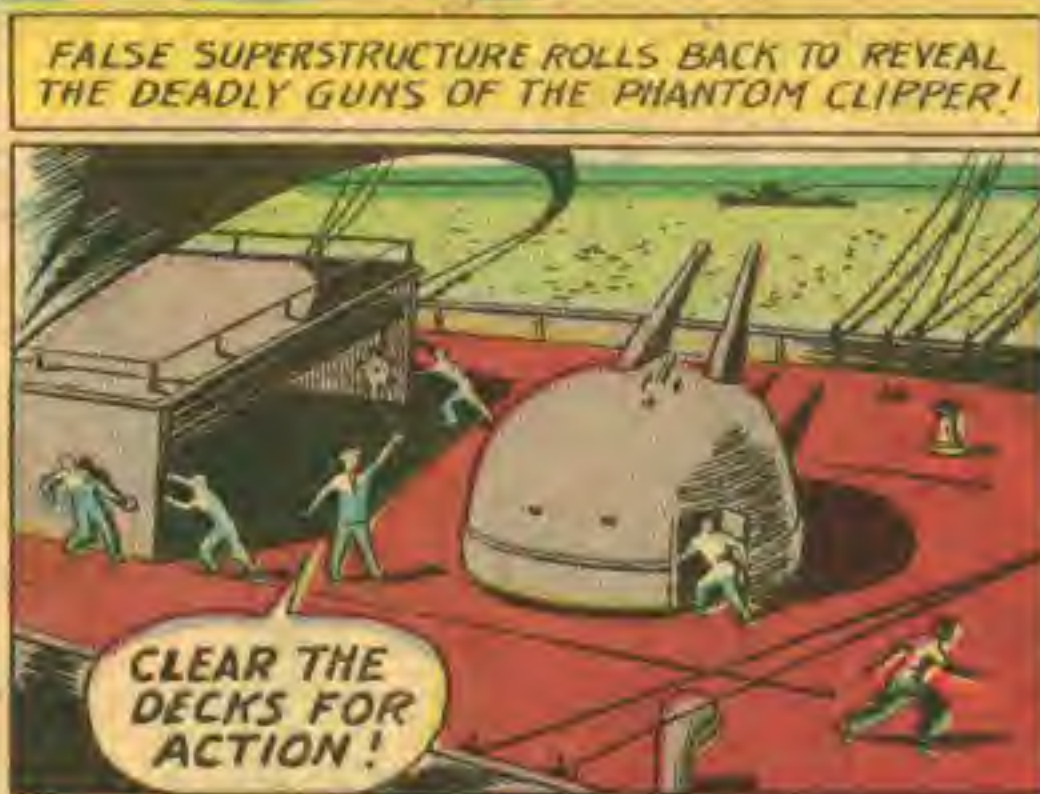
HE'S
GONE!



BUT WE'RE ON THE TRAIL
OF THE CORSAIR!

AYE! WE'VE TRAILED
THE BLACK KILLER HALF
OVER THE WORLD!
BUT WE'LL GET THAT
CORSAIR YET!







THE CORSAIR'S
TREACHEROUS ATTACKS
CLAIM ANOTHER VICTIM-



HA-HA-HA!
MORE FOOD FOR
THE FISH!



THAT DESTROYS THE
ESCORT FOR THE CONVOY!
WE'LL SINK THE OTHERS
LIKE TOY SHIPS IN A
POND!... GIVE THE
ORDER TO SUBMERGE!



THE CORSAIR SINKS OUT OF SIGHT... AS THE PHANTOM
CLIPPER APPEARS LIKE A VAGUE BLOT ON THE HORIZON.



SOON A TRAIL OF TERROR AND DEATH
MARKS THE PASSAGE OF THE CORSAIR!

ABOARD THE PHANTOM CLIPPER





WHAT CAN WE DO?
THE PHANTOM
CLIPPER IS NO
GOOD...

WE CAN
STILL FIGHT!
HEAD FOR THE
CORSAIR! AND MAKE
READY FOR BOARDING!

AYE,
AYE, SIR!

FROM A DOOMED SHIP THE MEN OF THE PHANTOM
CLIPPER LEAP DOWN TO GIVE BATTLE



WE HAVEN'T
BEGUN TO
FIGHT!



PUT THE PRISONERS
ABOARD... THEN OPEN
THE SEA-COCKS AND
LET THIS SHIP GO
TO THE **BOTTOM!**

THE PHANTOM CLIPPER
DEPARTS... ONCE
AGAIN THE CORSAIR
SUBMERGES- NEVER
TO RISE AGAIN!



BAD MAN of ROARING BEND

YOU must turn back the pages of history many years to begin this story. It is a story well worth telling, one of the real classics of the Old West. It has been told and retold thousands of times, but never has it lost any of its vividness, its heart-throbbing interest.

You have to turn back history's pages to a day when Jeremiah "Jericho" Simms was a youth of eighteen. (He is eighty-four today.) The other participants of this undying drama all lie in Roaring Bend's crumbling "boothill."

Roaring Bend, once a fire-breathing mining town of several thousand inhabitants, is a ghost town today, where dwell only memories of the gun battles that used to shatter the peace day and night. To be sure, there are plenty of bullet holes in the few remaining false-fronted buildings and, doubtless, if one listened intently on a moonless night, one would hear, again, the crash of .45's and the clatter of galloping horses. But maybe it's only the pack rats at work . . .

You have to know something of Jeremiah "Jericho" Simms at the time our story begins. Jericho came to Roaring Bend in a wagon train—or what was left of one after the Apaches mopped up. His parents and young sister had been slaughtered.

Jericho was fourteen then. Tall and gawky, with freckles and a head of whitish blond hair, he looked more like a gangling girl. His manners were effete, almost mincing. He had been reared in a quiet Philadelphia home, had had a tutor, and knew nothing of hardships. That is, not until he and his parents joined the wagon train bound for "Californy."

That Apache raid made a deep impression on Jeremiah Simms. It did something else to him; it made him hate Indians with a hatred that bordered on insanity.

Soon after arriving in Roaring Bend, Jeremiah met up with Parson Dade, an ex-gunman turned religious. The Parson took a great liking for young Simms and every day they rode out into the desert where the Parson began to tutor Jeremiah in the gentle art of fast drawing and thumbing a .45.

These lessons went on for several months. Then one day the Parson said to Jeremiah as they rode toward home, "Wal, son, this is the day we've been buildin' up to. I can say truthfully that you're the fastest hombre on the draw I ever see. I b'lieve ye could out-draw me, almost. You're so good with the smoke pole I'm namin' ye 'Jericho'. How's that?"

The new Jericho grinned proudly. He had that afternoon given an exhibition of shooting from the hip that had amazed the matchless Parson.

"Yeah," went on Parson. "You'll do. You're gonna be the greatest shot that ever breathed fire, son!"

And so Jericho gained a name and graduated from the school of straight shooting, under Parson Dade, the West's greatest gun fighter.

"Now I'm going out and get me a few Apaches," he said to himself. "Ten for each one of my relatives. I'll show 'em!"

Jericho had been making plans for several years, ever since the tragedy. He had, after his family's massacre, vowed undying vengeance on the Indians. He had planned to become an excellent shot. But on the other hand, Jericho had no intention of becoming a target for redskins in ambush; such tactics had accounted for many white men's deaths. Not for Jericho!

"But how you gonna stop them thievin', scalpin' varmints from shootin' you in the back!" Parson Dade wanted to know. "Why don't

you give up this crazy idee to hunt Injins?"

Jericho shook his head emphatically. "Nope, Parson. I've got a scheme to beat 'em. But I'm not telling it 'till I try it out."

"You mean if you live long enough to try it!" snapped the Parson.

"I'm going to 'Frisco on the next stage," Jericho told him.

"Yeah? Wot fer, son?"

Jericho grinned mysteriously, but shook his head. "That'd be telling. Just you wait, Parson!"

Jericho Simms left for San Francisco on the stage next day. He was gone two weeks. When he returned to Roaring Bend, he had a big trunk which he personally unloaded from the stage and lugged to his room in The Antlers Hotel. He was extremely secretive about the contents, and once in his room he carefully locked the door and opened the trunk.

Jericho smiled with pride. "Wait'll those redskins and I tangle!" he mused. "And wait'll old Parson Dade finds out!"

The Parson and Jericho had one more session of shooting.

"Well, that's it, son," said the old gunman. "You're a rootin', tootin' good shot. So go an' get yer danged redskins—or get plugged in the back by them!"

Jericho left Roaring Bend the next day, mounted on his fast pinto. He headed into Geronimo's country, the most dangerous Indian territory in the region. Geronimo had never been lined across any man's sights, and even veteran Indian fighters refused to invade his almost-impregnable stronghold in the Arizona mountains. Those who had gone in after the wily old chief had never come out . . .

"It's going to be different this time," said Jericho as he cantered along a dusty cow trail.

Nothing happened that day. By nightfall Jericho was many miles into the private stamping ground of Geronimo and his fierce warriors. He knew that Poison Kettle was pow-wowing with Geronimo to throw in with him and wipe out the pale faces. Poison Kettle, a cunning Ute, was worse than his name. If the two tribes merged, it would be a very dangerous combination.

At the moment, Geronimo and Poison Kettle were breaking up a pow-wow. Geronimo had refused to throw in with the Ute chieftain, or any other tribe, feeling that his own small raiding parties were more effective than a large force.

The fact that the two powerful chiefs were in consultation is probably the reason that Jericho Simms got so far into Indian country without being fired upon.

The second day proved different. Jericho had eaten a cold breakfast, fearing to build a fire. He wanted to get close to the Apache camp, which was supposed to be in a certain canyon in the region. He had ridden about five miles in the hot morning sunshine when a carbine cracked above him. The bullet whistled past his ear.

"Holy Smoke!" said Jericho, ducking instinctively.

He looked up and saw a naked Indian aiming his carbine from a ledge of rock on the side of the canyon he was riding through. It was a long shot for a pistol, but Jericho tried it. Whipping out his .45, he snap-fired at the redskin. A shrill scream echoed from the cliff, and the redskin fell outward and down, dashing to death on the sharp rocks below.

Jericho grinned. "Number one! Wish the Parson could've seen that shot!"

The third day found Jericho riding into the big valley where Geronimo's people were supposed to live. Jericho felt that he would soon have trouble. And he wasn't wrong!

An hour's ride brought him to a small, swift river. His horse had just drunk his fill when a rifle spanged and a puff of smoke curled up from a clump of bushes

across the river. Then another and another gun roared. The distance was too great for a revolver shot. Jericho drew his carbine from the saddle boot and drew a bead on the last puff of smoke. He pulled the trigger and an Indian yelled. Then more shots came from the bushes. A slug struck the stock of Jericho's rifle butt, partly splintering it. But again he heard the cry of death as he pumped a shot into the bushes. A half dozen rifles barked, but Jericho sat on his horse nonchalantly. It was most disconcerting to the Indian snipers. They yelled bloody threats and galloped off into the trees.

Jericho grinned impishly. If they only knew!

For the next two days Jericho and the Indians kept up a running warfare. He lost count of the number he shot. And the whole thing was telling on the Indians' superstitions. Why did none of their shots take effect?

On the fifth day Jericho rode into Geronimo's home camp. But the place was deserted. Every Indian had gone. It was as if some dread plague had struck it. So the young avenger rode back toward home.

This should be the end of the story of Jericho Simms, but it isn't. He was certain that his guns had accounted for more Indians than he had planned to vanquish. The score was even. He rode into the main street of Roaring Bend thinking, I'll never shoot again. Won't poor old Parson Dade rave when he hears about it? All his teaching wasted—

But Jericho got a tremendous shock when he had ridden a little farther. Parson Dade was dead. Shot in the back by a transient gunman. Shot and robbed of his roll. (He always carried a lot of money.) Jericho learned all about the tragedy when he entered the Lucky Dollar Cafe. There was a crowd inside; the sheriff was getting up a posse.

"Is it true, Sheriff Carter?" Jericho asked the lawman.

"Yep. Parson Dade's dead, Jericho. Wanta come along an' round up the killer?"

Jericho was stunned. Poor old Parson! A cold feeling swept over him. Shot in the back by a rat!

"Who killed him?" Jericho demanded of the room. "Whoever did will have to answer to me. I'll get the skunk that did this!"

A lean-faced chap had overheard this statement. He pulled the brim of his Stetson low over his eyes and strode from the room.

Jericho ate dinner in the cafe and then came out on the porch. The town had filled up with people. A sudden volley of shots rang out at the end of the street, and then a pack of horsemen rode at a gallop through the town, shooting and yipping. One of the men, a burly chap, slid from his horse when still about fifty yards from Jericho.

"So you're the young coyote who said he'd have my scalp, eh?" he shouted. "Wal, punk, start reachin'!"

His clawed hand made a lightning move and flame blazed from his .45. Jericho just stood there, while the stranger pumped five shots at him. The man's eyes bulged.

"Wot th'—"

"Now it's my turn," said Jericho quietly. "Did you kill Parson Dade?"

"Yeah! An' wot of it—"

"This," said Jericho. His own .45 blasted once and the man toppled into the dust, a quizzical expression on his heavy face.

A crowd gathered around Jericho, every last one of them demanding to know how he had done it. The killer had fired five shots at him. He couldn't have missed every one of them.

"He didn't miss," answered Jericho. "He hit me five times, in the chest. But I'll let you fellows in on a secret. Look."

He pulled off his shirt. Gasps broke from the onlookers. His entire chest was covered, as was his back, by steel plate. Armor plate! A medieval shirt of mail!

"Had it made in 'Frisco," said Jericho. "It's stopped a lot of lead during the last few days."

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FOOT ITCH

ATHLETE'S FOOT



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H. F. was developed solely for the purpose of relieving Athlete's Foot. It is a liquid that penetrates and dries quickly. You just paint the affected parts. H. F. gently peels the skin, which enables it to get to parasites which exist under the outer cuticle.

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